

FLOWERS

OF

POESY,

consisting of

ELEGIES, SONGS, SONNETS, &c.

——“ The lines of chequer'd feeling here I group ;
“ To soothe the virtuous mind I give the impassion'd lay.”



CARLISLE,

PRINTED BY AND FOR J. MITCHELL;

AND SOLD BY T. N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER-ROW,
LONDON.

==
1798.

Y79-1204

L I N E S
ON THE
DEATH OF THE REV. DR. KIPPIS.

BY HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

PLAC'D 'midst the tempest, whose conflicting waves
The buoyant form of Gallic freedom braves,
I from its swelling surge unheeded turn,
While o'er the grave where KIPPIS rests I mourn.
Friend of my life, by every tie endear'd,
By me lamented, as by me rever'd ;
Whene'er remembrance would the past renew,
His image mingles with the pensive view ;
Him thro' life's lengthening scene I mark with pride,
My earliest teacher, and my latest guide.
First, in the house of pray'r, his voice impress'd
Celestial precepts on my infant breast ;
" The hope that rests above," my childhood taught,
And lifted first to God my ductile thought.
And, when the heav'n-born Muse's cherish'd art
Shed its fresh pleasures on my glowing heart ;

Flashed o'er my soul one spark of purer light,
New worlds unfolding to my raptur'd sight ;
When first, with timid hand, I touch'd the lyre,
And felt the youthful poet's proud desire ;
His lib'ral comment fann'd the dawning flame,
His plaudit sooth'd me with a poet's name ;
Led by his counsels to the public shrine,
He bade the trembling hope to please be mine ;
What he forgave, the critic eye forgives,
And, for a while, the verse he sanction'd lives.
When on that spot where Gallic freedom rose,
And where she mourn'd her unexampled woes,
Scourge of his nature, and its worst disgrace,
Curse of his age, and murd'rer of his race,
Th' ignoble tyrant of his country stood,
And bath'd his scaffolds in the patriot's blood ;
Destin'd the patriot's fate in all to share,
To feel his triumphs, and his pangs to bear ;
To shun th' uplifted axe, condemn'd to roam
A weeping exile from my cherish'd home,
When Malice pour'd her dark insatiate lye,
Call'd it, though death to stay, a crime to fly ;
And, while the falsehood served her hateful ends,
Congenial audience found in hollow friends ;
Who to the tale " assent with civil leer,
" And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;"


~~~~~

His friendship o'er me spread that guardian shield,  
Which his severest virtue best could wield;  
Repell'd by him, relentless Slander found  
Her dart bereft of half its pow'r to wound.  
Alas ! no more to him the task belongs  
To soothe my sorrows, or redress my wrongs ;  
No more his letter'd aid, enlighten'd sage !  
Shall mark the errors of my careless page ;  
Shall hide from public view the faulty line,  
And bid the merit he bestows be mine.  
Ah ! while with fond regret my feeble verse  
Would pour its tribute o'er his hallow'd hearse,  
For him his country twines her civic palm,  
And Learning's tears his honour'd name embalm :  
His were the lavish stores, her force sublime,  
Through ev'ry passing age has snatch'd from time ;  
His, the historian's wreath, the critic's art,  
A rigid judgment, but a feeling heart ;  
His, the warm purpose for the general weal,  
The Christian's meekness, and the Christian's zeal ;  
And his, the moral worth, to which is giv'n  
Earth's purest homage, and the meed of heav'n.

.....

## ELEGY

OCCASIONED BY THE LOSS OF THE  
AUTHOR'S DAUGHTER.

*From Sorrows, sacred to the Memory of Penelope.*

BY SIR BROOKE BOOTHBY, BART.

---

Now the down of the swan o'er my temples is  
spread,

And grief and misfortune have bow'd down my head;  
Now old age is at hand, and each sorrowful day  
Something adds to the load, as the strength wears  
away.

'Twere fitting, the little that life had to last,  
Free from care and alarm might have quietly pass'd;  
That in studious repose, to my bosom still dear,  
Soft peace might have ended an humble career;  
In the house of my fathers, ah! too much my pride!  
On a wife's faithful breast have securely relied;  
With a few dear companions, who knowing my heart,  
Had to faults been indulgent, where that had no part;  
'Till the marble, in wait for the rest of its prey,  
To eternal oblivion had snatch'd me away;  
To her again join'd, at whose sad, early doom,  
All my joys, hopes, and pleasures, were hid in the  
tomb.

Such once was my wish, nor unworthy to know  
 The calm that an innocent life should bestow;  
 But vain were my projects, my wishes all vain;  
 No repose, no retirement, must soften my pain;  
 Strange masters my meadows and groves shall possess;  
 For them, my loved plants wear their beautiful dress.  
 To new regions I go; unfriended, alone,  
 Rejected, forgotten, unpitied, unknown.  
 Doom'd, perhaps, to behold my dear country no  
     more,  
 My bones shall lie white on some far distant shore;  
 O'er my poor scatter'd relicks no sorrows are shed,  
 And nameless the dust that flies over my head.

*WAR ELEGY,*

FROM THE ART OF WAR, A POEM.

BY JOSEPH FAWCETT.

O'ER once the haughty baron's house of war,  
 Now to a county's dreary jail decay'd,  
 Whose ruin frowns on yon tall hill from far,  
 The dead of night had thrown its deepest shade:



Hush'd lay the captive foes of angry Law ;  
 Loud clanking chains the ear no longer fill,  
 Oblivion bless'd the hopeless felon's straw,  
 And Mis'ry's mad, inebriate mirth was still.

But one there was whose lids refus'd to close ;  
 More greatly curs'd one daughter of Despair,  
 Who wildly thus pour'd forth her wakeful woes  
 Thro' the deep silence of the midnight air :—

'Tis well—'tis well :—my sorest ill is o'er :—  
 ' Thou little wretch, that caus'd my keenest pain,  
 ' Shalt lift thy piteous looks to me no more,  
 ' For food my utmost efforts fail'd to gain !  
 ' Come, kill the mother who her child has kill'd\* !  
 ' Haste, righteous judges, and avenge the deed !

---

\* The poor woman, having lost her husband in the war, and having implored relief at several doors in vain, in the town of Liverpool, in a fit of desperation, took her child (about three years old), in the public street, and dashed its head against the wall : immediately surgical aid was called, but in vain. Upon opening the body of the child, the surgeon gave it as his opinion, that its stomach had not received food for three days before. The miserable mother is committed to Lancaster Castle.

*Cambridge Intelligencer, Aug. 15, 1795.*



- ‘ Yes, men of justice, I’ve for ever still’d
- ‘ The raging famine that I could not feed.
- ‘ Death, to thy gate I come at last for aid !
- ‘ I knock’d at others, and they gave me none :
- ‘ I and my babe are perishing,’ I said ;
- ‘ Me and my babe they sternly bad begone !
- ‘ Friend of the poor ! an outcast wretch receive !
- ‘ From woes the wealthy will not, thou wilt save !
- ‘ Thy kinder hand shall all my wants relieve :—
- ‘ No hunger gnaws us in the easy grave.
- ‘ No mother o’er her starving infant there
- ‘ Her empty hands with raving anguish wrings !
- ‘ What was it brac’d this heart such pangs to bear ?
- ‘ How came ye not to crack, ye iron strings ?
- ‘ Bread ?—sweetest suppliant—ask it not of me—
- ‘ The last, last crumb I had, has LONG been gone:
- ‘ Come, shall I lift thee up, and let thee see,
- ‘ That shelf thine eager gaze devours, has none ?
- ‘ Take off those craving, cruel eyes from me ;
- ‘ Look thus on them who feast on sumptuous fare:
- ‘ Yonder they sit !—the loaded tables see !—
- ‘ Carry those asking eyes, pale sufferer, there.





- ‘ Murd’ress !—’tis false—did I the murder do !  
‘ Say not ’twas I that stain’d the street with gore ;  
‘ Ye hard, unmelting sons of wealth, ’twas you !  
‘ In vain I wept for succour at your door.
- ‘ Ye would not let my little cherub live ;  
‘ Rocks !—ye refus’d to lend it longer breath :  
‘ A mother gave it all she had to give—  
‘ Gave it a beggar’d mother’s blessing—DEATH !
- ‘ Heav’ns !—how I strove my innocent to save !  
‘ Till my worn spirit could no longer strive ;  
‘ No more endure to hear the breath I gave  
‘ All spent in cries for bread I could not give !
- ‘ For three long days my wond’rous patience bore  
‘ Those ne’er-to-be-forgot, heart-piercing cries ;  
‘ Bore to behold the pining looks implore—  
‘ Bore the dumb hunger of the hollow eyes !
- ‘ For joy a child is born into the world,  
‘ Delirious mother, that her pain forgets !  
‘ Mine out again this hand in mercy hurl’d !  
‘ With juster joy my bounding bosom beats !
- ‘ Here what but wolves, but wild destroyers dwell !  
‘ They tore my husband from my helpless side ;





- ‘ And, when the father in their battles fell,  
    ‘ A little bread his famish’d babe denied.
- ‘ When Surfeit swells while wasting thousands die,  
    ‘ When Riot roars amidst surrounding groans,  
‘ Whence springs the patience of the quiet sky ?  
    ‘ What keeps ye silent, ye unruffled stones ?
- ‘ Farewel, thou dreary scene of want and woe !  
    ‘ The poor to dust where hard oppressors grind ;  
‘ Force seas of blood and seas of tears to flow,  
    ‘ And triumph in the torments of mankind !
- ‘ My fellow-victims ! that so calmly lie,  
    ‘ Nor join the vigils these parch’d eyes must keep,  
‘ Forgetful each of all his misery,  
    ‘ I also, sound as you, shall shortly sleep.
- ‘ Fly, my deliverers !—hither wing your way !  
    ‘ Come, in your robes of beauteous office, come !  
‘ And you, ye brightest sun-beams, deck the day,  
    ‘ That to her rest a weary wretch shall doom !



*LAMENT*

FOR

JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

---

**T**HE wind blew hollow frae the hills,  
By fits the sun's departing beam  
Look'd on the fading yellow woods  
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream :  
Beneath a craigy steep, a Bard,  
Laden with years and meikle pain,  
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,  
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,  
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years ;  
His locks were bleached white with time,  
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears ;  
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,  
And as he tun'd his doleful sang,  
The winds, lamenting through their caves,  
To Echo bore the notes alang.

• Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,  
• The reliques of the vernal quire !

- ~~~~~
- ‘ Ye woods that shed on a’ the winds
  - ‘ The honours of the aged year !
  - ‘ A few short months, and glad and gay,
  - ‘ Again ye’ll charm the year and e’e ;
  - ‘ But nocht in all revolving time
  - ‘ Can gladness bring again to me.
- 
- ‘ I am a bending aged tree,
  - ‘ That long has stood the wind and rain ;
  - ‘ But now has come a cruel blast,
  - ‘ And my last hold of earth is gane :
  - ‘ Nae leaf o’ mine shall greet the spring,
  - ‘ Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom ;
  - ‘ But I maun lie before the storm,
  - ‘ And ithers plant them in my room.
- 
- ‘ I’ve seen sae mony changefu’ years,
  - ‘ On earth I am a stranger grown ;
  - ‘ I wander in the ways of men,
  - ‘ Alike unknowing and unknown :
  - ‘ Unheard, unpitied, unreliev’d,
  - ‘ I bear alane my lade o’ care,
  - ‘ For silent, low, on beds of dust,
  - ‘ Lie a’ that would my sorrows share.



- ‘ And last (the sum of a’ my griefs !)
- ‘ My noble master lies in clay ;
- ‘ The flow’r amang our barons bold,
- ‘ His country’s pride, his country’s stay :
- ‘ In weary being now I pine,
- ‘ For a’ the life of life is dead,
- ‘ And hope has left my aged ken,
- ‘ On forward wing for ever fled.
- ‘ Awake thy last sad voice, my harp !
- ‘ The voice of woe and wild despair !
- ‘ Awake, resound thy latest lay,
- ‘ Then sleep in silence evermair !
- ‘ And thou, my last, best, only friend,
- ‘ That fillest an untimely tomb,
- ‘ Accept this tribute from the Bard
- ‘ Thou brought from fortune’s mirkest gloom.
- ‘ In Poverty’s low barren vale,
- ‘ Thick mists obscure involv’d me round ;
- ‘ Though oft I turn’d the wistful eye,
- ‘ Nae ray of fame was to be found :
- ‘ Thou found’st me, like the morning sun
- ‘ That melts the fogs in limpid air,
- ‘ The friendless Bard and rustic song,
- ‘ Became alike thy fostering care.

- ‘ O ! why has worth so short a date ?  
 ‘ While villains ripen grey with time !  
 ‘ Must thou, the noble, gen’rous, great,  
 ‘ Fall in bold manhood’s hardy prime !  
 ‘ Why did I live to see the day,  
 ‘ A day to me so full of woe !  
 ‘ O ! had I met the mortal shaft  
 ‘ Which laid my benefactor low !
- ‘ The bridegroom may forget the bride  
 ‘ Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;  
 ‘ The monarch may forget the crown  
 ‘ That on his head an hour has been ;  
 ‘ The mother may forget the child  
 ‘ That smiles sae sweetly on her knee ;  
 ‘ But I’ll remember thee, GLENCAIRN,  
 ‘ And a’ that thou hast done for me !’





## THE SAILOR,

## AN ELEGY.

BY SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

---

THE Sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,  
As all its lessening turrets bluely fade;  
He climbs the mast to feast his eye once more,  
And busy Fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! now, each dear, domestic scene he knew,  
Recall'd and cherish'd in a foreign clime,  
Charms with the magic of a moonlight-view,  
Its colours mellow'd, not impair'd, by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,  
Thro' all the horrors of the stormy main;  
This, the last wish with which his warmth could part,  
To meet the smile of her he loves again.

When Morn first faintly draws her silver line,  
Or Eve's grey cloud descends to drink the wave;  
When sea and sky in midnight darkness join,  
Still, still he views the parting look she gave.



Her gentle spirit, lightly hovering o'er,  
 Attends his little bark from pole to pole ;  
 And, when the beating billows round him roar,  
 Whispers sweet hope to sooth his troubled soul.

Carv'd is her name in many a spicy grove,  
 In many a plantain-forest, waving wide ;  
 Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,  
 And giant-palms o'er-arch the yellow tide.

But lo, at last he comes with crowded sail !  
 Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend !  
 And hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale !  
 In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

—'Tis she, 'tis she herself ! she waves her hand !  
 Soon is the anchor cast, the canvas furl'd ;  
 Soon thro' the whitening surge he springs to land,  
 And clasps the maid he singled from the world.



## THE SOLDIER,

A FRAGMENT.

BY R. ANDERSON.

---

Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,  
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,  
Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valour sav'd.

YOUNG.

---

..... UNDER an aged thorn,  
Whose wither'd branches Time had stripp'd of leaves,  
Save just enough to shew it yet had life,  
And vied with him in years, he shiv'ring stood,  
Half shelter'd from the cold and beating rain;  
But from keen want and all its wretchedness,  
The taunt of Pride, and Poverty's rude storms,  
He seem'd, alas ! no shelter to expect.

A crutch supported the remaining part  
Of a spare body, cover'd half with weeds,  
Of coarsest texture mix'd. His shoulders bore  
The patched remnant which himself had worn  
Full oft on blood-stain'd fields. One piece was left,  
That told the passing stranger how he stood

~~~~~

At the dread hour, when Carnage loud was heard,
And all around him bleeding victims lay.

As I approach'd, he bow'd ; and, with a look
That seem'd to say, ' I am indeed sincere,'
A story then began, half mix'd with sighs,
That might have pierc'd a " heart flint to the core ;"
For his, alas ! it felt too much to feign.

When suffering Virtue craves our friendly aid,
'Tis in a tone of supplication meek,
That, in the pensive wand'rer's woe-fraught breast,
Still finds a friend, and makes the beating heart
At once dictator to the bounteous hand.

Thus in my course arrested by the tale
That's oft-times told, and told full oft in vain,
Attentive long, with silent awe, I heard,
How, in his youthful days, he vainly strove,
In filial tenderness, to heal the woes
That laid an aged parent in the dust.
Here did his sorrows seem to bleed afresh—
'Twas Nature bade his tear-swoln eyes to weep :
Then feebly pointing to the distant hill,
He mark'd the spot where once his cottage stood,
Where he had spent life's spring, and, with the lark,



Oft hail'd the day, as forth he led his team,
With Poverty hard struggling. From the hour
Which gave him birth, he knew not Fortune's smiles,
Nor Pleasure's giddy round—the pomp of courts,
Where wild Ambition reigns ; nor did he dream
That busy Care oft haunts the monarch's breast,
And Guilt attends the haughty son of pride.
Yet, tho' his flocks were few, and few his fields,
Tho' waving Plenty ne'er had crown'd his toil,
He might, with rural Innocence and Peace,
Such joys have tasted in his humble state,
As Grandeur seldom knows, had not the maid,
Whose fancied charms first fir'd his artless breast,
Whom love had call'd his own, now prov'd as false
As youthful Fancy once had thought her fair.
Despairingly he left his native meads,
The rural scene of many a youthful sport,
The seat of Industry and blooming Health,
Where his forefathers dwelt, to Pride unknown,
Won by the hero's name, discordant sounds,
And all the false appendages of war.
Now he began to tell of storming towns,
Of peaceful villages laid desolate ;
How many a merry comrade bravely fell ;
And would again have fought each battle o'er,
Calling each wound to witness what he said.


~~~~~

All this the poor sustainer might have sav'd,  
With many a painful sigh ; for, to my ear,  
Nought half so grating as the horrid tales  
Of battles, sieges, and fair towns destroy'd,  
With thousands falling at a tyrant's nod,  
Who heeds no widow's sigh, no orphan's moan,  
But glides thro' life 'twixt Luxury and Guilt.

Grown weary with his plain-told woes and sighs,  
I left this houseless wand'rer ; whilst a tear,  
That started at the sight of his grey hairs,  
And face grief-worn, that Time had furrow'd o'er,  
With half-bent body, sloping to the grave,  
Told me, as on I mus'd, this son of Want  
Was brother to Ambition's splendid train,  
For whom he fought and bled : then did I wish,  
For once, that Fortune had to me been kind ;  
Then did I envy scornful Pride his wealth ;  
For, to the feeling heart, what joy so great,  
As when it shares a woe-worn brother's cares,  
And, sympathizing, softens his distress !

O ye, who feel not Poverty's keen gripe,  
But loll with Luxury on beds of down ;  
While the poor warrior, on the sun-burnt heath,  
Or frozen plain, in sleepless anguish lies ;



Think, think of him, the victim of your ease;  
 And, when he 'scapes the gore-stain'd field, where  
     Death,  
 So oft a friend, the hero frees from pain,  
 Attentive hear the wounded wand'rer's tale,  
 Nor mock with scorn his honourable scars;  
 But let Compassion pour soft Pity's balm  
 Into the wounds, which only Death can cure.



### ELEGIAC STANZAS,

WRITTEN AFTER A LONG AND SEVERE ILLNESS.

BY T. SANDERSON.



**B**RIGHT Health, by Philo's aid, renews  
 The wreaths which pallid Sickness tore;  
 They spread, to catch the falling dews,  
 In every walk that pleas'd before.

Thus Nature rising from her tomb,  
 Wak'd by the zephyr's genial gale,  
 Bids flowers, in renovated bloom,  
 Adorn the bosom of the vale.

I seek the grot, where zephyrs sigh—  
There Friendship gave his parting tear;  
While lovely streamlets, wand'ring nigh,  
With pensive murmurs met the ear.

I seek the grove, at evening's hour—  
There still is seen the wither'd leaf,  
Which Laura chose to suit the bower  
That forms a shade for me and grief.

No more the rising hopes of youth  
To Rapture give the loosen'd rein;  
Departed years have prov'd the truth,  
That baseless joy is real pain.

In age, and e'en in sickness blest,  
If future pleasure grow refin'd;  
If every pang that rends the breast  
Gives health and vigour to the mind,

Pale Sorrow, in her dewy glade,  
May nurse the flowers that Virtue gives;  
As oft beneath the thorn's rude shade,  
In azure pride, some violet lives.

In vain Life's radiant prospects spread,  
In vain Health's vivid colours rise;



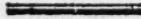
If every generous feeling's dead,  
The breast its social warmth denies.

Shall Envy, with malignant eye,  
Amidst our little shunshine reign,  
And bid another's laurels die—  
The honours that it strives to gain.

No! let th' expanded bosom bear  
A wealth beyond the miser's hoard,  
And meet each joy that wanders there  
With Gratulation's chearful chord.

Or o'er the shade of human days,  
With kindred sadness let me roam,  
Catch the lone sigh Misfortune pays,  
And make Compassion's shrine my home.

Hence with each tender feeling tried,  
With humbled hopes I'll seek the shore,  
Till slow retires life's ebbing tide,  
And silent rests the dashing oar!



---

---

## THE CAPTIVE,

*A Persian Elegy.*

BY DR. WOLCOTT.

SCENE, THE SULTAN'S PALACE.

---

---

To thee, who rul'st o'er Persia's wide domain,  
The wretch of Zulpha pours the suppliant sigh :  
Shall Love the bleeding bosom bare in vain,  
And Pity vainly raise th' imploring eye.

Lo, Virtue weeps ! her sacred drops revere ;  
Nor thus her cheek with burning blushes stain :  
The monarch's heart, that melts at Virtue's tear,  
More than a thousand triumphs gild his reign.

Enough of woe have War's wild horrors spread ;  
E'en now the valleys shriek, the hamlets burn :  
See Havock waft the blaze from shade to shade !  
See the wan shepherd o'er the ruin mourn !

Say, cannot this the soft emotion wake ;  
Force from thy eye the sympathizing stream ;  
But shall thy cruelty the wretch o'ertake,  
'Scap'd from the ruffian's sword and wasting flame?



Those weeping orbs eternal darkness shade,  
If one fond glance thy savage hope inspires :  
Love's keenest vengeance smite the guilty maid,  
False to her fame, and faithless to his fires.

Live, live, ye vales of Lar, in Mem'ry's eye,  
Whose song so often stole my ravish'd ear ;  
Let Selim's name embalm my constant sigh,  
His image brighten ev'ry falling tear.

Can Lar's fair valleys from remembrance fade,  
Mir's echoing rill, and Dinur's conscious grove ;  
Where Truth and Selim won a willing maid,  
Where flow'd the shepherd's first fond sigh of love.

Ye fair sultanas, that around me throng,  
Ah ! cease to soothe a captive's hapless hours !  
Harsh to my ear is Pleasure's careless song,  
And dim the radiance sceptr'd grandeur show'rs.

Ah ! what avails the purple's costly pride,  
The ruby's blush, the di'mond's light'ning beam,  
Attendant slaves, or music's wanton tide,  
Or floods of fragrance, that around me stream ?

Can Pomp from love-sick Absence steal the sigh,  
Smooth with gay smiles the sullen front of Care,

Chace the pale cloud from Melancholy's eye,  
And calm the deep-ton'd murmurs of Despair ?

Away those tow'rs, that thus their heads advance,  
While servile Flatt'ry crawls a welcome guest,  
Where Prostitution darts the wanton glance,  
And Envy's demons gnaw the throbbing breast !

Fairer to me is Suzan's dangerous shade,  
Where growling Fate, the restless savage, roams ;  
Where Horror breathes around a death-like dread,  
And crowding spectres haunt the twilight glooms.

Fairer to me the dungeon's dreary round,  
Low-sounding to the captive's hollow sigh,  
Where the pale pond'ring wretch, in thought profound,  
Nails to the murky floor his haggard eye.

Ye Persian nymphs, with artless manners blest,  
And blest with blooms by Beauty's pencil spread ;  
Retire, sweet strangers to the throbbing breast,  
And court of Solitude her deepest shade.

Wing, where gay freedom bounds from grove to grove,  
Where Love in safety points the tender gaze ;



Where feeds young Innocence her cooing dove,  
And meek Contentment pours the song of praise.

Parents of lovely maids, be deaf the ear,  
While Pride the flatt'ring pompous tale imparts,  
Far from those bow'rs each blushing damsel bear,  
Nor give to Mis'ry's gripe their gentle hearts.

The tyger growling thro' th' affrighted wood,  
Springs to defend th' endanger'd young from  
harm ;  
The fierce, the wild-ey'd vulture, bath'd in blood,  
Feels for her youngling's cry the fond alarm.

Thus sung the nymph, the soft sultanas sigh'd :  
Desire with virtue in the monarch strove ;  
Be blest, be Selim thine (at length) he cry'd,  
Then gave the maid to Liberty and Love.



---

---

A PASTORAL ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF

*THE REV. JOSIAH RELPH.*BY T. SANDERSON.

---

---

I ASK'D of a Shepherd, who press'd  
A bank where the primroses blow,  
Whose cares had not sadden'd his breast,  
Though Age had indented his brow—

I ask'd him to shew me the seat,  
The arbour where CORYDON play'd,  
Whose warblings so sweetly did meet  
The chorus that came from the glade.

‘That arbour’ (he said with a sigh)  
‘With chaplets of sorrow is crown’d,  
‘And the pipe, that bade Rapture be nigh,  
‘No more spreads the magic of sound!

‘Can the sun when it crimsons the hill,  
‘Or gilds with rich lustre the lawn—  
‘Can the soft soothing voice of the rill  
‘Delight when our CORYDON's gone!

- ‘ Beneath yon rude thorn he repos’d,  
    ‘ When Spring had enamel’d each scene ;  
‘ When Summer, in splendour, had clos’d,  
    ‘ And Autumn had mellow’d the green.
- ‘ In Winter so wild and so drear,  
    ‘ In woodlands depriv’d of their shade,  
‘ He roam’d ’mid the waste of the year,  
    ‘ And mourn’d o’er each flow’ret decay’d !
- ‘ Where dew-dropping willows complain  
    ‘ To streamlets that wander beneath,  
‘ The Echoes repeated his strain,  
    ‘ While the Loves were entwining his wreath
- ‘ The first time he breath’d on his reed,  
    ‘ And gave its wild notes to the wind,  
‘ The swains of the valley decreed  
    ‘ A garland—the type of his mind.
- ‘ The pink and the lily were there,  
    ‘ The Laurel (the emblem of fame)  
‘ The rose that can vie with the Fair,  
    ‘ But, in blushes, renounces its claim.
- ‘ Still sacred to Grief be the bow’rs,  
    ‘ That rise on the verge of yon grove,



- ‘ Where Innocence gathers her flowers  
 ‘ To weave the fond garlands of Love :
- ‘ *There* CORYDON’s health did decline,  
 ‘ Like lilies that droop in the dale ;  
 ‘ *There* Sorrow did sprinkle his shrine,  
 ‘ Like dews that descend on the vale !
- ‘ What bosom refuses to mourn,  
 ‘ Besides the green leaf of his yew ?  
 ‘ He gave us a lesson\* to learn,  
 ‘ As, dying, he bade us adieu !
- ‘ Sunk in shade lies the pride of the grove,  
 ‘ When the beam fades at eve on yon height ;  
 ‘ But we saw all his Virtues improve,  
 ‘ When the ray of his life set in night.
- ‘ Remembrance shall dwell on his lay,  
 ‘ That chas’d every woe but Despair ;  
 ‘ That sooth’d at the fall of the day,  
 ‘ So softly the vigils of Care.

---

\* Alluding to his farewell Address to his Pupils.



‘ On the breast of yon stream†, as it flows,  
 ‘ Shall the tribute of Sorrow be shed ;  
 ‘ While the Yew drops the dew from its boughs  
 ‘ To impearl the green turf of his bed !’

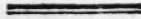
The Shepherd then rose on his crook,  
 As the shades of the Ev’ning were near :  
 In silence, he paus’d on a brook,  
 And I bade him farewell with a tear !



## AUTUMN,

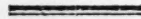
### AN ELEGY.

BY R. CARLILE.



O’ER yonder hill, where lofty pine-trees waving,  
 Cast o’er the brow their broad embrowning shade,  
 The westering sun his former course now leaving,  
 Beyond the melting landscape seems to fade.

Rich are the hues that softly tint the mountain,  
 Light spread with purple is its heaving crest ;



† His “FAVOURITE FOUNTAIN.”



While the broad river, and the gurgling fountain,  
Catch the warm tincture from the glowing west.

Slow creep the mists from glade embower'd yonder,  
And o'er the neighbouring meadows seem to float;  
While the faint noise of yillage, as I wander,  
Joins to the red-breast's solitary note.

The smoke from cottage chimney-tops ascending,  
Stretches in spiry columns in the air ;  
While Evening's dewy hand the landscape blending,  
Sheds rays more welcome than the day-beam's glare.

The swimming landscape now Sol's lustre yielding,  
Save where the chalky cliff retains the day ;  
Or rustic lattice, bright with western gilding,  
Is burnish'd by its last departing ray.

While rustic sounds the pensive ear assailing,  
I'll seek the covert of yon beechen grove ;  
And Summer fled and friends estrang'd bewailing,  
I'll muse on mournful subjects which I love.

'Mong shades embrown'd by Autumn's hand I wander,  
Where leaves are variegated, chang'd and sere,  
Which soon the desolating North shall squander,  
And leave no trace of former beauty near.



Ah season of delight, now clad in mourning!

I look behind, and pensively retrace  
Those transient flowers, that Spring's bright eye  
adorning,

Gave as a wreath to deck thy roseate face.

No more the warblers in the grove are singing,  
Waking with melody the purple morn;  
Nor fragrant flowers in each green copse are  
springing,

The brow of radiant Summer to adorn.

How long shall cloudy skies continue low'ring,  
And rains impetuous drench the verdant mead,  
And the rude North the insect tribe devouring,  
Ere Spring again her joyous train shall lead!

Ere roseate Spring her hours of joy renewing,  
Shall raise suspended Nature from her tomb,  
And the green earth with vernal flow'rets strewing,  
Shall call her varied garlands into bloom!

O'er Life's decline the pensive minstrel sorrows:  
No spring to it shall Youth and Health restore,  
Nor blunt the sharpen'd edge of Age's arrows—  
“For it the vernal landscape blooms no more.”

To me, tho' sorrows still continue pressing,  
Shall Faith communicate a ray divine;  
Yet still for me shall Life preserve a blessing,  
And pious Duty teach me to resign.

Heaven from my eye the filmy veil removing,  
Shall bid my prospects high and higher rise;  
And I no more this earthly mansion loving,  
Rejoice to find my treasure in the skies.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN,  
A DIRGE.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

WHEN chill November's surly blast  
Made fields and forests bare,  
One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth  
Along the banks of AYR,  
I spy'd a man, whose aged step  
Seem'd weary, worn with care;  
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,  
And hoary was his hair.





Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?  
Began the rev'rend sage;  
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,  
Or youthful Pleasure's rage?  
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,  
Too soon thou hast began  
To wander forth, with me, to mourn  
The miseries of man.

The sun that overhangs yon moors,  
Out-spreading far and wide,  
Where hundreds labour to support  
A haughty lordling's pride;  
I've seen yon weary winter-sun  
Twice forty times return;  
And ev'ry time has added proofs,  
That man was made to mourn.

O man! while in thy early years,  
How prodigal of time!  
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,  
Thy glorious youthful prime!  
Alternate follies take the sway;  
Licentious passions burn;  
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,  
That man was made to mourn.



Look not alone on youthful prime,  
 Or manhood's active might ;  
 Man then is useful to his kind,  
 Supported is his right :  
 But see him on the edge of life,  
 With cares and sorrows worn,  
 Then Age and Want, oh ! ill-match'd pair !  
 Show man was made to mourn.

A few seem favourites of Fate,  
 In Pleasure's lap caress'd ;  
 Yet, think not all the rich and great  
 Are likewise truly blest.  
 But, oh ! what crowds, in ev'ry land,  
 Are wretched and forlorn—  
 Through weary life this lesson learn,  
 That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills  
 Inwoven with our frame ;  
 More pointed still we make ourselves,  
 Regret, remorse, and shame !  
 And man, whose heav'n-erected face  
 The smiles of love adorn,  
 Man's inhumanity to man  
 Makes countless thousands mourn !



See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,  
So abject, mean, and vile,  
Who begs a brother of the earth  
To give him leave to toil;  
And see his lordly fellow-worm  
The poor petition spurn,  
Unmindful, though a weeping wife  
And helpless offspring mourn.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,  
By Nature's law design'd,  
Why was an independent wish  
E'er planted in my mind?  
If not, why am I subject to  
His cruelty, or scorn?  
Or why has man the will and pow'r  
To make his fellow mourn?

Yet, let not this too much, my son,  
Disturb thy youthful breast:  
This partial view of human-kind  
Is surely not the last!  
The poor, oppressed, honest man  
Had never, sure, been born,  
Had there not been some recompense  
To comfort those that mourn.

O Death ! the poor man's dearest friend,  
The kindest and the best !  
Welcome the hour my aged limbs  
Are laid with thee at rest !  
The great, the wealthy fear thy blow,  
From Pomp and Pleasure torn ;  
But, oh ! a blest relief to those  
That, weary-laden, mourn !

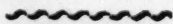
## STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS.

BY MR. ROSCOE.

PORTENTOUS sigh'd the hollow blast,  
Which, sorrow-frighted, southward past ;  
I heard the sound, and stood aghast,  
In solemn dread :  
The mournful truth is told at last,  
And BURNS is dead !

Ah ! sweetest minstrel, Nature's child,  
Could not thy " native wood-notes wild,"



Thy manly sense, thy manners mild,  
And sprightly glee,  
The ghastly tyrant have beguil'd  
To set thee free ?

Unfriended, desolate, and young,  
Misfortune o'er thy cradle hung ;  
And Penury had check'd thy song,  
But check'd in vain ;  
Till Death, resistless in his wrong,  
Has clos'd thy strain !

Thus, 'midst the cold of winter's snows,  
The unprotected snow-drop blows ;  
A while in native beauty glows,  
And charms the eyes ;  
Till past some ruthless spoiler goes,  
And crops the prize !

But not for thee, O bard ! the lot,  
In cold Oblivion's shade to rot ;  
Like those unhonour'd and forgot,  
The unfeeling great,  
Who knew thy worth, but hasten'd not  
To sooth thy fate.



~~~~~

Whilst Love to Beauty pours the sigh,
 Whilst genius shall with nature vie,
 Whilst pity from the melting eye
 Shall claim regard,
 Thy honour'd name shall never die,
 Immortal bard !

But oft, as winter o'er the plain
 Shall pour at eve the beating rain,
 The hind shall call his little train
 Around the fire,
 To listen to some thrilling strain
 Of thy lov'd lyre.

Whether to Heaven's eternal King
 Thou strike the deep-resounding string,
 Whilst rising on Devotion's wing,
 Hope soars above,
 To happier realms of endless spring,
 And boundless love ;

Or whether lighter themes beguile
 The moments of relaxing toil,
 Bidding, on Labour's front, the smile
 Of pleasure sit ;
 The roof re-echoing all the while
 To genuine wit ;



Or if wild Fancy seize the rein,
Whilst horror thrills through every vein,
And sprites and elves, an awful train,
 Their orgies keep;
And warlocks o'er the affrighted plain
 At midnight sweep:

As works the spell, the list'ning band,
Aghast in mute attention stand;
Again thou wav'st thy magic wand,
 Of pow'r so rare,
And all the scene, by Fancy plann'd,
 Dissolves in air.

Thine too the charm of social hearts,
Where wit its vivid light'ning darts,
And Converse keen to age imparts
 The fire of youth,
Whilst, from the fierce concussion, starts
 The spark of truth.

What though the wild untutor'd strain
The Critic's pedant laws disdain,
Not all the wire-cag'd minion train
 E'er pour'd a note
So sweet, as echoing o'er the plain
 The woodlark's throat.

Old COILA, first whose brakes among,
Thy infant hands the wild harp strung,
Shall flourish in thy deathless song
 With lasting fame ;
And AYR shall henceforth roll along
 A classic stream.

But thou, O bard ! in silence laid—
Ah ! what shall sooth thy pensive shade,
For worth and genius ill repaid,
With bounty scant,
And hours of sorrow unallay'd,
And toil and want !

See o'er thy song, as loud it swells,
The lordly Thane delighted dwells;
Or to his fair his rapture tells,
By thee inspir'd;
His bosom, as the strain impels,
Or thaw'd or fir'd.

Around him, see, to guard his state,
A train of pamper'd minions wait ;
And, see, to form his daily treat,
Each climate join ;
While Iceland's frost, and Asia's heat,
Their gifts combine.

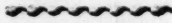


Yet, whilst he revels unconfin'd
Through all the treasures of thy mind,
No gen'rous boon, to thee consign'd,
Relieves thy care ;
To Folly or to Vice assign'd
What Pomp can spare !

For rights with-held, or freedom sold,
Corruption asks the promis'd gold ;
Or, in licentious splendour bold,
Some titled dame
Squanders, in riot uncontroll'd,
What Worth should claim !

From hill to hill, from plain to plain,
Wide spreads the Chieftain's proud domain,
That, half a desert, asks in vain
For culture due ;
Whilst cold inaction chills thy vein,
And rusts thy plough.

Meanwhile thy youthful vigour flies,
The storms of life unpitying rise,
And wounded superstition tries
To thwart thy way ;
And loath'd Dependance ambush'd lies,
To seize her prey.



Yet high above thy reptile foes
Thy tow'ring soul unconquer'd rose—
Love and the Muse their charms disclose—

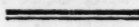
The hags retire ;
And thy expanded bosom glows
With heav'nly fire.

Go, Builder of a deathless name !
Thy country's glory, and her shame !
Go, and th' immortal guerdon claim,
To Genius due ;
Whilst rolling centuries thy fame
Shall still renew !



ELEGY.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.



'DARK gathering clouds involve the threat'ning
skies,
'The sea heaves conscious of th' impending gloom,
'Deep hollow murmurs from the cliffs arise ;
'They come—the Spirits of the Tempest come !

'O ! may such terrors mark th' approaching night,
'As reign'd on that these streaming eyes deplore !



‘ Flash, ye red fires of heaven, with fatal light,
‘ And with conflicting winds, ye waters, roar !

‘ Loud and more loud, ye foaming billows, burst !
‘ Ye warring elements, more fiercely rave !
‘ Till the wide waves o’erwhelm the spot accurs’d,
‘ Where ruthless Av’rice finds a quiet grave !

Thus, with clasp’d hands, wild looks, and streaming
hair,

While shrieks of horror broke her trembling
speech,

A wretched maid, the victim of despair,
Survey’d the threat’ning storm, and desert beach.

Then to the tomb, where now the father slept,
Whose rugged nature bade her sorrows flow,
Frantic she turn’d—and beat her breast, and wept,
Invoking vengeance on the dust below.

‘ Lo ! rising there above each humbler heap,
‘ Yon cypher’d stone his name and wealth relate ;
‘ Who gave his son, remorseless, to the deep,
‘ While I, his living victim, curse my fate.

‘ O my lost love ! no tomb is plac’d for thee,
‘ That may to strangers’ eyes thy worth impart ;



- ‘ Thou hast no grave but in the stormy sea,
‘ And no memorial but this breaking heart !

- ‘ Forth to the world a widow’d wanderer driven,
‘ I pour to winds and waves th’ unheeded tear,
‘ Try, with vain effort, to submit to heaven,
‘ And fruitless call on “ HIM who cannot hear.”

- ‘ Oh ! might I fondly clasp him once again,
‘ While o’er my head th’ infuriate billows pour,
‘ Forget in death this agonizing pain,
‘ And feel his father’s cruelty no more !

- ‘ Part, raging waters ! part, and shew beneath,
‘ In your dread caves, his pale and mangled form;
‘ Now, while the dæmons of despair and death
‘ Ride on the blast, and urge the howling storm!

- ‘ Lo ! by the lightning’s momentary blaze,
‘ I see him rise the whitening waves above,
‘ No longer such as when in happier days,
‘ He gave the enchanted hours—to me and love :

- ‘ Such as when daring the enchafed sea,
‘ And courting dangerous toil, he often said,
‘ That every peril, one soft smile from me,
‘ One sigh of speechless tenderness, no’er paid :



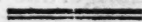
‘ But dead, disfigur’d, while between the roar
‘ Of the loud waves his accents pierce mine ear,
‘ And seem to say—‘ Ah, wretch ! delay no more,
‘ But come, unhappy mourner—meet me here.’

‘ Yet, powerful Fancy, bid the phantom stay ;
‘ Still let me hear him !—’Tis already past ;
‘ Along the waves his shadow glides away,
‘ I lose his voice amid the deafening blast.

‘ Ah ! wild illusion, born of frantic pain !
‘ He hears not, comes not from his watery bed ;
‘ My tears, my anguish, my despair are vain—
‘ Th’ insatiate ocean gives not up its dead.

‘ ’Tis not his voice ! Hark ! the deep thunders roll ;
‘ Upheaves the ground ; the rocky barriers fail ;
‘ Approach, ye horrors that delight my soul,
‘ Despair, and Death, and Desolation, hail !

‘ The Ocean hears—th’ embodied waters come,
‘ Rise o’er the land, and with resistless sweep,
‘ Tear from its base the proud aggressor’s tomb,
‘ And bear the injur’d to eternal sleep !’



ELEGY,
FROM SPECIMENS OF ARABIAN POETRY.

BY THE REV. J. D. CARLYLE.

THOSE dear abodes which once contain'd the fair,
Amidst Mitata's wilds I seek in vain,
Nor towers, nor tents, nor cottages are there,
But scatter'd ruins and a silent plain.

The proud canals that once Rayana grac'd,
Their course neglected and their waters gone,
Among the level'd sands are dimly trac'd,
Like moss-grown letters on a mouldering stone.

Rayana say, how many a tedious year
Its hallow'd circle o'er our heads hath roll'd,
Since to my vows thy tender maids gave ear,
And fondly listen'd to the tale I told?

How oft, since then, the star of spring, that pours
A never-failing stream, hath drench'd thy head?
How oft, the summer cloud in copious showers
Or gentle drops its genial influence shed?

How oft, since then, the hovering mist of morn
Hath caus'd thylocks with glittering gems to glow?
How oft hath eve her dewy treasures borne
To fall responsive to the breeze below ?

The matted thistles, bending to the gale,
Now clothe those meadows once with verdure gay;
Amidst the windings of that lonely vale
The teeming antelope and ostrich stray :

The large ey'd mother of the herd, that flies
Man's noisy haunts, here finds a sure retreat,
Here tends her clustering young, till age supplies
Srength to their limbs and swiftness to their feet.

Save wheretheswelling stream hath swept those walls,
And giv'n their deep foundations to the light
(As the retouching pencil that recalls
A long-lost picture to the raptur'd sight)

Save where the rains have wash'd the gather'd sand
And bared the scanty fragments to our view
(As the dust* sprinkled on a punctur'd hand
Bids the faint tints resume their azure hue)

* It is a custom with the Arabian women, in order to give the veins of their hands and arms a more brilliant

No mossy record of those once lov'd seats

Points out the mansion to enquiring eyes;
No tottering wall, in echoing sounds, repeats
Our mournful questions and our bursting sighs;

Yet midst those ruin'd heaps, that naked plain,
Can faithful memory former scenes restore,
Recall the busy throng, the jocund train,
And picture all that charm'd us there before.

Ne'er shall my heart the fatal morn forget
That bore the fair ones from these seats so dear—
I see, I see the crouding litters yet,
And yet the tent-poles rattle in my ear.

I see the maids with timid steps ascend,
The streamers wave in all their painted pride,
The floating curtains every fold extend,
And vainly strive the charms within to hide.

What graceful forms those envious folds enclose!
What melting glances thro' those curtains play!

appearance, to make slight punctures along them, and to rub into the incisions a blue powder, which they renew occasionally as it happens to wear out.



Sure Weira's antelopes, or Tudah's roes,
Thro' yonder veils their sportive young survey.

The band mov'd on—to trace their steps I strove,
I saw them urge the camel's hastening flight,
Till the white vapor†, like a rising grove,
Snatch'd them for ever from my aching sight.

Nor since that morn have I Nawara seen,
The bands are burst which held us once so fast,
Memory but tells me that such things have been,
—And sad reflection adds that they are past.

† The vapor here alluded to, called by the Arabians **SERAH**, is not unlike in appearance (and probably proceeding from a similar cause) to those white mists which we often see hovering over the surface of a river in a summer's evening after a hot day. They are very frequent in the sultry plains of Arabia, and when seen at a distance, resemble an expanded lake; but upon a nearer approach, the thirsty traveller perceives his deception. Hence the **SERAH** in Arabian poetry is a common emblem of disappointed expectation.



LINES

BY CHARLES LLOYD.

I FAST my childhood's home, and lo ! 'twas dark !
The night-winds whistl'd 'mid its leafless trees !
No taper twinkl'd cheerily to tell
That SHE, the FRIEND, had heap'd the social fire,
Spread the trim board, and with an anxious heart,
Expected me, her "dearest boy," to pass
With her the evening hour ! Oh, no ! 'twas gone,
The friendly taper, and the warm fire's glow,
Trembling athwart the gloom ! I listen'd long,
Nor heard, save the unfeeling blast of night,
That chill'd my frame, or the sear ice-glaz'd twig
That hoarsely rustled ! 'Twas too much—I wept !
Then I bethought me, she was coffin'd far
Away—laid on the earth's cold lap !
I look'd again—such thoughts were too, too true,
For no ray glimmer'd !—I did pass along,
Shivering, and bow'd to earth with heaviness.

SONNET
ON THE DEATH OF MR. WEST.

BY THOMAS GRAY, ESQ.

IN vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire ;
The birds in vain their am'rous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire :
These ears, alas ! for other notes repine ;
A different object do these eyes require ;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,
And in my breast th' imperfect joys expire ;
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men ;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear ;
To warn their little loves the birds complain :
I fruitless mourn to HIM that cannot hear ;
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.



SONNET.
BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

SHOULD the lone wanderer, fainting on his way,
Rest for a moment of the sultry hours,
And tho' his path thro' thorns and roughness lay,
Pluck the wild rose, or woodbine's gadding flow'rs ;

Weaving gay wreaths, beneath some sheltering tree,
The sense of sorrow he a while may lose ;
So have I sought thy flow'rs, fair POESY !
So charm'd my way with Friendship and the Muse.
But darker now grows life's unhappy day,
Dark with new clouds of evil yet to come :
Her pencil sick'ning Fancy throws away,
And weary Hope reclines upon the tomb ;
And points my wishes to that tranquil shore,
Where the pale spectre Care pursues no more.

SONNET TO HOPE.

BY MISS WILLIAMS.

O, EVER skill'd to wear the form we love !
To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart,
Come, gentle HOPE ! with one gay smile remove
The lasting sadness of an aching heart ;
Thy voice, benign enchantress ! let me hear ;
Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom !
That Fancy's radiance, Friendship's precious tear,
Shall soften, or shall chase, Misfortune's gloom :
But come not glowing in the dazzling ray
Which once with dear illusions charm'd my eye !



O strew no more, sweet flatterer ! on my way
 The flow'rs I fondly thought too bright to die !
 Visions less fair will soothe my pensive breast,
 That asks not happiness, but longs for rest !



SONNET.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.



THOU gentle Look, that didst my soul beguile,
 Why hast thou left me? Still in some fond dream
 Revisit my sad heart, auspicious SMILE !
 As falls on closing flow'rs the lunar beam :
 What time, in sickly mood, at parting day,
 I lay me down, and think of happier years ;
 Of joys, that glimmer'd in Hope's twilight ray,
 Then left me darkling in a vale of tears.
 O pleasant days of Hope—for ever gone !
 Could I recall you !—but that thought is vain.
 Availeth not Persuasion's sweetest tone,
 To lure the fleet-wing'd Travellers back again :
 Yet fair, tho' faint, their images shall gleam,
 Like the bright rainbow on a willowy stream.



SONNET.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

SWIFT fleet the billowy clouds along the sky,
 Earth seems to shudder at the storm aghast;
 While only beings as forlorn as I
 Court the chill horrors of the howling blast.
 Even round yon crumbling walls, in search of food,
 The ravenous owl forgoes his evening flight;
 And in his cave, within the deepest wood,
 The fox eludes the tempest of the night:—
 But to my heart congenial is the gloom
 Which hides me from a world I wish to shun—
 That scene where ruin saps the mould'ring tomb,
 Suits with the sadness of a wretch undone;
 Nor is the darkest shade, the keenest air,
 Black as my fate—or cold as my despair.

SONNET TO EVENING.

BY R. CARLILE.

EVENING! I woo thy dim oblivious shade,
 When Twilight spreads her veil of misty hue,
 When day's bright, vivid tints begin to fade,
 And from the distant hills the vapours blue,

In wreathes fantastic, beauteously ascend ;
 And while the humid earth exhales the dew,
 To cool, sequester'd haunts my steps I bend ;
 While in the west, where the bright sun withdrew,
 Still lingers many a streak of crimson glow,
 And tints the azure face of spreading lake,
 There blending softly into shadows grey,
 Thro' the o'ergrown and solitary brake,
 In pensive mood, I often love to stray,
 More than amid the scenes of pomp and show.

SONNET

TO A WOOD-PIGEON,

(Written in a Boat, on Loch-Lomond, on seeing one dart
 into a Copse, on one of the Islands of the Lake)

BY CHARLES LLOYD.

W HITHER, lone wanderer—whither art thou
 flown?—

To what sequester'd bow'r or gloomy dell?—
 Say, dost thou go where sorrow is unknown,
 Where trouble never enters, dost thou dwell?
 Lend me thy wing then, tenant of these shades!
 Lend me thy wing—thy gentle aid impart,

For I would fain explore these wizzard glades,
And shun the feeblest trace of human art !
Oh ! kindly guide me to a cave of night,
So wild, so very secret, so unknown,
That not impervious only to the sight,
The callous mind its power may also own ;
And, darken'd Memory, ceasing to inform,
A wretch may shelter from misfortune's storm.

SONNET.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE night flood rakes upon the stony shore,
Along the rugged cliffs, and chalky caves,
Mourns the hoarse Ocean, seeming to deplore
All that lie buried in his restless waves.—
Mined by corrosive tides, the hollow rock
Falls prone ; and, rushing from its turfy height,
Shakes the broad beach, with long resounding shock
Loud thundering on the ear of sullen Night.—
Above the desolate and stormy deep
Gleams the wan moon, by floating mists oppress'd ;

Yet here, while youth, and health, and labour sleep,
 Alone I wander ;—calm, untroubled Rest,
 “ Nature’s soft nurse,” deserts the sigh-swoln breast,
 And flies the wretch who only “ wakes to weep.”

SONNET

ON SEEING A PARENT SHED TEARS.

BY R. ANDERSON.

FOND Parent, whom on earth I love most dear,
 Why steals the sigh of sadness from thy breast ?
 I too do grieve to see thee sore oppress,
 While down thy care-worn cheek steals many a tear.
 Thou weep’st, my Father !—the sad cause I guess :
 Long hast thou journey’d o’er life’s mazy wild
 A sorrowing traveller, by false Hope beguil’d,
 And few there be who pity thy distress,
 Nor Plenty on thy cot hath ever smil’d.
 Robb’d of the blissful partner of each hour,
 All thy self-promis’d joys, alas ! are fled ;
 On thee life’s wint’ry storms begin to low’r,
 And thou dost bend. So fades the summer flow’r
 At winter’s keen approach, and droops its feeble head.

THE LAMENT, A SONG.

BY MICHAEL BRUCE.

Now Spring returns : but not to me returns
The vernal joys my better days have known ;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the silent moments as they pass :

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest ;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning-dreams presage approaching fate ;
And morning-dreams, as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of life and light adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe ;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewel, ye blooming fields ! ye cheerful plains !
Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where Melancholy with still Silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the close of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes,
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with Wisdom where my DAPHNIS lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes,
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night's gone, and the last morn arise.

OLD OLIVER,
A SONG.

BY PETER PINDAR.

THE Shepherd OLIVER, grown white with years,
Like some old oak weigh'd down by winter snows,
Now drew the village sighs and village tears,
His eye-lids sinking to their last repose.
Yet ere expir'd life's trembling flame, and pale,
Thus to the bleating bands around his door,
That seem'd to mourn his absence from their vale,
The feeble Shepherd spoke, and spoke no more :

O, my flock ! whose sweet voices I hear,
Adieu ! ah ! for ever, adieu !
No more on your hills I appear,
And together our pleasure pursue :
Ah ! no more—no ! no more !
No more at the peep of the day
From valley to valley we rove,
'Mid the streamlets, and verdure of May,
'Mid the zephyrs, and shade of the grove :
Ah ! no more !—no ! no more !

No more to my voice shall ye run,
And, bleating, your Shepherd surround ;
And, while I repose in the sun,
Like a guard, watch my sleep on the ground :
Ah ! no more !—no ! no more !
When winter, with tempest and cold,
Dims the eye of pale Nature with woe,
I lead you no more to the fold ;
With your fleeces all cover'd with snow :
Ah ! no more !—no ! no more !
O, mourn not at Oliver's death !
Unwept my last sand let it fall ;
Ye too must resign your sweet breath,
For who his past years can recall ?
Ah ! no more !—no ! no more !
O, take all your Shepherd can give !
Receive my last thanks and last sigh !
Whose simplicity taught me to live,
And whose innocence teaches to die !
Ah ! no more !—no ! no more !

THE BANKS OF AYR,
A SONG.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain ;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of AYR.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn ;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly :
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonie banks of AYR.

'Tis not the surging billows' roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ;

Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,
 The wretched have no more to fear :
 But round my heart the ties are bound,
 That heart transpierc'd with many a wound ;
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
 To leave the bonie banks of AYR.

Farewell, old COILA's hills and dales,
 Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
 The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves !
 Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes !
 My peace with these, my love with those—
 The bursting tears my heart declare,
 Farewell, the bonie banks of AYR !

THE MATCH BOY,

A SONG.

BY MR. VINT.

YE weathy and proud, as in splendour ye roll,
 Behold a poor orphan, pale, hungry, and wan ;
 And learn, tho' now doom'd to Misfortune's controul,
 He springs, like yourselves, from the fountain of
 man.

So scanty the fruit of his humble employ,
Dejected he roams in a sad ragged plight;
Then, O! give a mite to the poor little boy,
Who cries, 'Buy my matches!' from morning
to night.

Remember, tho' Luxury cloy's you by day,
And pampers you nightly on pillows of down,
Adversity soon may plant thorns in your way,
Obscuring your pleasures with Poverty's frown.
While Apathy's flint and cold steel you employ,
The tinder of Feeling you never can light,
Nor e'er give a mite to the poor little boy,
Who cries, 'Buy my matches!' from morning
to night.

And you, ye proud Fair of this ocean-girt land,
With beauty external so gifted by Fate,
Whose smiles can enrapture, whose frowns can
command,
Prove also your mental endowments are great.
The crumbs of your table, which lap-dogs destroy,
Might comfort our orphan, and yield him delight;
Then, O! give a mite to the poor little boy,
Who cries, 'Buy my matches!' from morning
to night.

THE BEGGAR GIRL,

A SONG.

BY R. ANDERSON.

A poor helpless wand'rer, the wide world before me,
When the harsh din of war forc'd a parent to roam,
With no friend, save kind heav'n, to protect and
watch o'er me,

I, a child of Affliction, was robb'd of a home;
And thus, with a sigh, I accosted each stranger—

O, look with compassion on poor orphan Bess!
Your mite may relieve her from each threat'ning
danger,

And the soft tear of Pity can sooth her distress.

To the rich, by whom Virtue's too often neglected,
I tell my sad story, and crave their relief;

But Wealth seldom feels for a wretch unprotected,

'Tis Poverty only partakes of her grief!

Ah! little they think, that the thousands they
squander

On the play-things of folly, and fripp'ries of dress,
Would relieve the keen wants of the wretched who
wander,

Whilst the soft tear of Pity would sooth their
distress.

Tho' bereft of each comfort, poor Bess will not
languish,

Since short is life's journey, 'tis vain to lament ;
And he who still marks the deep sigh of keen
anguish,

Hath plac'd in this bosom the jewel Content.
Then, ye wealthy to-day, think, ah ! think, ere
to-morrow,

The frowns of Misfortune upon you may press,
And turn not away from a poor orphan's sorrow,
When the soft tear of Pity can sooth her distress.



SONG.

BY MISS BLAMIRE.

W HEN the sun-beams of joy gild the morn of our
days,

And the soft heart is warm'd both with hope and
with praise,

New pleasures, new prospects, still burst on the view,
And the phantom of bliss in our walks we pursue :
What tho' tangl'd in brakes, or withheld by the thorn,
Such sorrows of youth are but pearls of the morn ;
As the gem on the leaf in the fervour of day,
The warmth of the season dissolves them away.



In the noontide of life (tho' not robb'd of their fire)
 The warm wishes abate, and the spirits retire :
 Thus colours less glowing give equal delight,
 When reason just tints them with shades of the night;
 Reflection's slow shadow steals down the gay hill,
 Tho' as yet you may shun the soft shade as you will,
 And on hope fix your eye, till her brightness so clear,
 Shall hang on its lid a dim trembling tear.

Next the shades of mild evening close silent around,
 And lengthen'd Reflection must stalk o'er the ground;
 Thro' her lanthorn of magic past pleasures are seen,
 And we then only know what our day-dreams have
 been :

On the pleasing illusion we gaze while we can,
 Tho' we often exclaim—What a bauble is man !
 In youth but a gew-gaw—in age but a toy—
 The same empty trifle as man and as boy !



SONG.

BY MISS SEWARD.



FROM thy rocks, stormy Lannow, I fly,
 From thy waves that are lash'd by the tide ;
 From the maid whose cold bosom, relentless as they,
 Has wreck'd my warm hopes by her pride :

Yet lonely and rude as the scene,
Her smile to that scene could impart
A charm that might rival the bloom of the vale ;
But away thou fond wish of my heart !

Now the blast of the winter comes on,
And the waters grow dark as they rise ;
Yet, 'tis well—they resemble the sullen disdain
That has low'r'd in those heart-piercing eyes :
Sincere were the sighs he repress'd,
But they rose in the days that are flown—
Ah ! nymph, unrelenting and cold as thou art,
My spirit is proud as thy own.

Lo ! the wings of the sea-fowl are spread,
To escape the rough storm by their flight ;
And these caves will afford them a gloomy retreat
From the winds and the billows of night :
Like them, to the home of my youth,
Like them, to its shades I retire ;
Receive me, and shield my chill spirit, ye groves,
From the storms of insulted desire.

The Queen of France to her Children,

A SONG.

BY PETER PINDAR.

FROM my prison with joy could I go,
And with smiles meet the savage decree,
Were it only to sleep from my woe,
Since the grave holds no terrors for me.

But from you, O, my children, to part !
Oh ! a coward, I melt at my doom ;
Ye draw me to earth, and my heart
Sighs for life, and shrinks back from the tomb.

List, list not to Calumny's lie,
For I know not of guilt and its fears ;
And when at my fate ye will sigh,
My ghost shall rejoice in your tears.

In blessings, ah ! take my last breath !
Dear babes of my bosom, adieu !
May the cloud be dispers'd by my death,
And open a sunshine for you !

FINIS.

